

LEST PUKE DUE MACHETE OF ART

meditations and explorations in and around the poem

2002 - 2006

jim leftwich

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Every Word is An Adverb

1.

“I’ve never heard metrics in terms of feet. You know, on and off, weak and strong, in regulated patterns. I think of a whole phrase, no matter how long. And I think of what they call ‘tala’ in Indian classical music, which may be a sequence of as many as eighteen variously accented beats, which gets repeated as a unit to improvise on.” — Clark Coolidge

Poetry is parsed through sound to construct as a provisional reading pulsing aggregates of unstable semantic units. Attention contracts and expands. The word itself is an unstable aggregate. Contraction sifts through syllables to letters; expansion gathers towards phrases and sentences. Content is glimpsed as a drift through ambient noise. Both the quality and the quantity of this noise vary according to each reader’s capacity for entering it as an archaeologist of the asemic. Content is constructed experientially through endurance of and perseverance in the flux of a polysemic during. Polysemy is an occupational hazard for workers within the poem, no matter whether they enter as writers or readers. In reading, as in writing, the excessive production of meaning is encountered as a fundamental law. The amorphous chaos of infinite misreadings is contained only by an application of consensus constraints. The asemic appears as an aporia of excessive production during the collaborative process of meaning-building. Language itself exists as an alchemical athanor generating transformative meanings as an antithesis of sense.

2.

“A semiotic chain is like a tuber agglomerating very diverse acts, not only linguistic, but also

perceptive, mimetic, gestural, and cognitive; there is no language in itself, nor are there any linguistic universals, only a throng of dialects, patois, slangs, and specialized languages.” — Gilles Deleuze & Felix Guattari

If there are no nouns in nature, as Fenollosa claimed, then there is no such thing as repetition in human experience, there is only consciousness during an arbitrarily segmented process, and the idea of rhythm itself is subject to a multiplicity of hermeneutic improvisations. This is not to say that subjectivity is of necessity ludic, but only to suggest a playful absurdity in the human desire for certainty. Consciousness is nomadic. Thought drifts. Cognition leaps and burrows. The self exists to multiply its selves and seek patterns in their dispersal. Consciousness is non-local and atemporal, and is a causal agent, actively inventing an ecology of realities as its habitat. Experiential subjectivity acts as a laboratory in which these ecologies experiment with the myriad processes of being. The declarative sentence is but one among many tools. Aphoristic actualities occur to question our commitment to attention. The noun in language, then, would function as an adverb in nature, if we were to attend for a moment to the facticity of language as a causal agent.

3.

“The most pronounced feature of organic evolution is not the creation of a multiplicity of amazing morphological structures, but the general expansion of ‘semiotic freedom’, that is to say the increase in richness or ‘depth’ of meaning that can be communicated.” — Jesper Hoffmeyer

A poem grows like a genetically-modified weed infesting an urban garden, an organic process mediated by its cultural context. We embrace the lie as the natural habitat of language, its homeland and its faith, and we move forward towards familiar patterns, to comfort us as we sleep. At the end of the day, going forward, we empty ourselves of all but the flimsiest of sanctioned clichés. To read poetry is to refuse to go shopping, at least for an hour or two. To write poetry is to deny the inalienable rights of humankind, at least as they apply to one’s personal pursuits, is to choose instead an indeterminate epistemology against all histories of metaphysics. Poetry may well be the end of capitalism as we know it; the workers own the means of production, and no one is buying a word of it. This is what we mean when we speak of the neocontemporary. Repeat after me: neocontemporary. Say it like you mean it.

4.

“I think people have an innate ability to put things together in semiotic relationships — to make signs. To make sense out of something is to read it, in a broad sense. And vice versa.” — Stuart Pid

Truth in poetry is a provisional metafiction, a series of advertisements for the lack of a single product. Context is a quincunx. Sense is an elliptical orbit. Sound has many disguises and is

everywhere you are not. The readers sit like sentries, perched and alert, listening to the dead center in the heartless heat of the night. The quadrature of the circle is not a random walk.

We made videos of the coup and hid them in plain view, encrypted interrogations of the surfaces of the text. Words sleep with one eye open. Their sleeping bags and burlap sacks bulge with sacred burps. Their writers do what must be done, then keep a careful distance, lonely semes orbiting a broken sun.

Remember the golden rule: those who have the gold, make the rules. That would be the first rule, clearly made by an existential trickster with nothing but contempt for gold and those who possess it. Some of us don't have a prayer when it comes to learning how to obey the rules. Those who make the rules should give up now.

burp't
andrew topel & jim leftwich

burp't riddle did roller derby kids slurp
puddle slimy slant gipper can't paddle

double seam measled twister peely rubble
boots hem hammer stubble gimmick roots

autobot seasaw was'see agitprop pasty acrobat
tobogan weasel soppy bone wagon plop botoxin

grow't hoarse wiggle flag pig vote
worse groat tagged fig wag horse

seaweed tarragon gone'again hop nerdy seabed
weaseed autobahn naggin'got nasty pants sememe

deem boost subtle hammock whisper bream
'em soluble blister realty butter stem

middle puzzle zipper plant maggot'rock fiddle
dimly burnt rubberbundled squid bacon flimsy

5.

“i like no absolutes but the present open wide. writing 'readyness' — universal writing. writing emotions. writing 'love' & not its cause & effect history.” — John Crouse

Yesterday I read a manifesto of sorts by Miklós Erdély. Roughly, it's about the ways in which

polysemy leads to a cancellation of meaning. This suggests a route from the polysemic to the asemic, or at least that was my perspective in reading it. From Theses for the Marly Conference of 1980, in Primary Documents:

“While in the case of conventional signs meaning narrows down with an increase in significata, in the case of iconic, indexical signs polysemy leads to attenuation and devaluation of meaning, and ultimately, as in the case of the work of art, to the loss of all meaning.

Therefore a work of art may be considered to be a sign that amplifies and multiplies the various meanings at the expense of each, and causes them to extinguish each other, thus making it impossible for the work of art as a whole to have any meaning.” — Miklós Erdély

I searched the web for more Erdély texts and came across an interview with Janos Sugar, who studied and worked with Erdély. The Sugar interview both expands and compresses Erdély’s thesis, at least as I read it. We arrive at the question of subjectivity, which is a kind of logical cul de sac for both polysemy and asemia, but the site as it were of subjectivity takes on a sort of nomadic playfulness against the contextual political constraints. In their function as limits these political contingencies enable a paradoxically radicalized freedom. The end of history can only occur as an edict from the king, but we’re old enough as a species and as a culture to know not to believe a word of it. The king is a liar by definition; that’s how he got his job. All authority is based on theft, which is to say it’s based on lies. But it isn’t pragmatically accurate to think of theft as a lie about the concept of property. Theft is a lie about the concept of possessive pronouns, and it is usually told by someone who genuinely believes the lie. This is why we shouldn’t speak of the end of history, but rather of the end of authority. The end of history is a mask for the end of the authority of language. Our task is to write the facticity of that demise. The self-leveling plumb level vs. the levellers animated semiotic wrestling, a random walk through the presents of a history, a poetics of cognitive endurance — our acts enact (provisionally), being here (in the ballpark) now (contingent), so as to resist the narcotic allure of having been there, doing this, and also rewriting readymades, particularity, universality emergent in the fact that any particularity will suffice as an efficient tool for the work at hand, no longer believing what is written, only attending to the during of thinking within and against it, throwing it away like trash, like casting dice or bones, or into the boiling succotash of textual emergence, where everything fits, and nothing is dominant.

6.

“Composition by Unit: read it that way.” — Clark Coolidge

May 2005

400 YEARS OF JAMESTOWN

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RITE

crenelations of the cortex notwithstanding, make no mistake, this is a voice inside your head, nothing nearly so transgressive as the surrept of writing. self seized, in lieu of selves this substitute, nor a site to cogitate symmetrical reinstatement, this as each once knelt and opened to being authored.

early on, only to recall is subversion of their self, split and spilt if you follow me so far, later they and we would say schizogenic as liberation. it is only one beginning on the late stage of this endgame, wrapt back across this distance between you and the written you, not that there ever was a you as such, only some others whispering sweet terrors to your synapse. crux easily into crax across unless you insist on still belief, believing in lieu of leaving, to remove the racks at least by the simple spell of spelling, by now you should be ready for a rest against the rest. sweet nothings whispering in our syntax, that old black magic like ink on a virgin sheet...

crenelations of your cortex constructed cages call it culture, pride of the captive and the corpse, protect you from being human being in the world almost a word. no slippage of syntax salvific before such bleak remembrance.

crenelations of our context, then, although denotation is slippery enough, neither warden nor escape in fact, an act of war, too obvious to mention nor better left unsaid. syntax leaks and branches. i already wrote that, shuffled, the sound of the secret palimpsest.

syntax secretes we want to say sense, consensus, all of it is a lie, but try anything once, walking across the room to reach for the telephone, impossible, you can't even call yourself. they ask us (we ignore them) why we hide inside these fictional selves as text. i am telling you now: this is the only readily available proxy of the real. if you know what i mean you don't believe a word.

penetrations of our cortex constructed pages admit culture, omit context, write it yourself is the only message in the medium. this writing, in order to be right, requires internal disorder, written against itself. failures inserted like punctuation to give you pause and time. that is to say space, or at least to mean it, a little space to give you time.

if the written says write (and you're right, it does), then what do you do, during and after reading, to remove this written from your writing?

it won't work. give up now. write the rest of this.

01.04.06

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COUNTERFEIT

infinities, of course, inside each cell, call the naked emperor out, in the privatized prison of language every lock comes with a key. no quarterly culpability can save us from the grinder's switch. we wear the warden's money like a suit of mail, hearts on a sleeveless dress, salvage this stretch of skin beneath a text of naked lights. it was a gamble from the get, go down slow, only one way out as every song has always said. on the surface — in the surface, then, no such sign as the song of a single surface — facets gathered to gamble against us, therefore we awake, to the logic of reading is a human economy so capital is the written. writing is printing money. all capital is counterfeit. only the freshly minted false currency is authentic. i hear you thinking now or soon these thoughts concerning theft. there is no need. death comes disguised as robin hood has given you the bank. give it back to give it up to get on and go down slow. there is an infinity, how so this single infinity, an infinity, then, of infinities, if ever a single one, if not in a single word (no such sentence as a single word), then in each sentence, even if the sentence consists of a single word. but we were talking about money, how to get out of it less than you put into it before you were even asked, as if anyone is ever asked, such much since once upon the present place and time, therefore we feel compelled to posit theft as gift, to propose a counterfeit currency against quarterly reports. the mind's eye glazes over and the terminal internal text shuts up. we are making progress. this is a quarterly report. slippery does not suffice as surtext to the slough of sense, though that is how it enters the pores of the sacred sensorium, like a snake in the water at twilight while we are singular or absent. self is the sacred myth of science, synonymous with the temple of money, profane alone to utter surfeit against the hoard. but it is so. such much since selves once singled out and serialized against our aggregate, even now a kind of calm or solemn sex, no metaphor to silence the gap and enter us as distance. bought at birth, sold among the wardens for a song, never an inch of silence to seep lure light through open locks. once said, enough since silence paid, an inch of air to enter each sleep and speak. they speak of such canisters toxic with remorse as democracy and morals, money in every cell unto the syrup and slur, since when, crimes due complicit accrual, marching off to golf and war. robin hood, or the myth of a plural self, should suffice to supplant the master narrative, encrypted here as elsewhere, your signature of

course required for this infinity of blank checks (not that anyone has ever believed in easter bunny economics). we resurrect marx to reinvent the end of economics. robin hood is the flip side of the coin bearing the mask of santa claus into the new world. expropriation, to mention only the most obvious example, will be convulsive or not at all. even an economy of oppression instantiated in grammatical constructs, thus the recent penchant to take our metafiction straight, is subject to the fractal law of the phase transition.

01.04.06

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400 YEARS OF JAMESTOWN

muscles flux and blur. music, next year's edge of a useless avant, as history already soon to be left unsaid, into until undo, uninto united, at outside is no outsider unto another island. what i want, not nearly so grand as a cosm laugh or grin, nor near by lurch truncated fragments bent, so simple as to say i stand, time pent and agile meant. incorporate as if to utter time, body meshed with time as if to utter waking, consciousness meshed with nothing as if to utter annihilation. muscles slur, flex fur and flurry frenzy, pasts agglomerated, no economic metaphor to lineate time spent. brief and fragile, but not segment, even to say moment is to agitate against the body. what you want, as if to wrestle with the lineage of your bodies could decoct such a doodle of salt, to take i might assert at least a timely stand against this text, by fiat tragicomic for aspiring to our failures, staccato comma coda, no thinking past this point. the rules, as always, are elitist and unfair. reading is no response to the written writer, rather a peripheral skirmish in the war between the selves, slaughter in any and every case and a monument to its curse. it's worse than you think. you think (full disclosure: we think) your thinking is medicine, at best most least curse of a cure, but our thinking is your disease, my only prayer so to speak, death and the best batch yet. you don't really think this — do you? i've been thinking about your plight, the curse of the reader let's call it, i've been long-suffering from the surf of a self-similar curse. the story begins, what, six thousand BC or so, bear with me, i'm trying to help, let's start with gutenber around the start of the twentieth century. i'll need your help with this. the first plicit surrept was the serf rebellion of 1456. having deconstructed the intersubjective monk-glyph (circa. 1492), muscles floss and blar mucous, serif rebellion circus columbus circle, and ever since weave been reading a circuitous route back home. cosm laugh nor grit ear by business lunch, packed leaving trunk one fragment at a time, body wash with lime and tooth stutter wax, baked corn mash fit for a king.

01.04.06

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FRAMED

mulch toilet ourselves, thereby commodity sole commode of art, fire sale of souls to the devils in the detail. each one, teach one — once sound advice in the march for civil rights, still such for us yet also for our opponents. the first lesson is about frames. with linguistic frame i implicate vocabulary as obvious culprit not always the usual suspects, as when for example a painted triangle of plywood is nailed to the frame (and/or glued to the canvas) in such a manner as to protrude diagonally six inches beyond the border of the frame. or, even better, a hole cut burned or torn in the canvas itself (cf. shozo shimamoto, 1950). or, from another angle, if you look at wadada leo smith's analysis of the music of miles davis, you see a kind of moving frame — a formula, even, as a set of instructions for the construction of moving frames, or set of moving frames, imbricate frames in motion — or lakoff talking about right-wing focus groups, research and development engines designed to refine the subtleties redefine the distilled duplicitous elixirs to refine the subtleties codes constructed for the manufacture of consent elite agendas, pro-life to oppose and discredit the entire historical spectrum of the women's movement, or affirmative action demonized to serve the same purpose vis-à-vis the civil rights black power anti-slavery anti-genocide all men are created equal pursuit of happiness, even condolezza rice said they didn't include her on two counts. so that's a frame. that's how that works. now outside the frame, from outside the frame we can get a good look at the box, very famous box, it looks a lot like a frame and even a little like a page, or maybe a text box, so-called, a page on a screen, which is a kind of a frame inside a box, all of which we are asked, in the service of the agenda of, of what, the agenda of the framed box, we are asked to think outside this box — and that's a frame, a framing-device, this whole idea of thinking outside the box — so we can think about chicken instead of hamburger and we're thinking outside the box, or we can think about taco bell instead of chicken, a box of chicken from outside the hamburger box, and in the taco shell we are so far outside the box/frame mythos paradigm ideology, that — we go home, let's say, after work. turn on the television, god save us, sell us from ourselves. all the fair fox and balanced out of the box thinking news that's fit to print, collusion of governmental and corporate interests, as mussolini said, or corporatism, cnn such much the same, one group in the left back pocket of corporate christ, the other in the right back pocket, cue the eight ball, so a modal pattern begins to emerge between the plywood and the lexicon, you can see it right here, a simulacrum, destructing itself as it constructs itself, to return to derrida's original definition, until it's built as it were in advance of the ruins and fragments of its projected components. that's not a frame. it's what i call for lack of more marketable terminology an excremental textfuck. think of mike kelly say twenty years ago, twenty-five years ago, whatever, on stage with sonic youth, some guys throwing up in the mosh pit maybe, teenage sex in the alley,

cocaine cut with italian baby laxative (like stealing money from the freedom fighters founding fathers of the new world nicaraguan order, we'll name an airport after him later), and then think of all that happening to a text inside a frame — the religious right doesn't have a prayer against the DIY post-punk neo-contemporary food fight textual ethos. thank you very much. don't come back.

01.04.06

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A PRIVATE PIRACY

read by syncope to red. i don't know that we can still speak honestly of privacy, a contiguous fate for piracy, contingent upon their code of honor and the nostalgia of thieves. nor nose grit somnambulant grid, under the fluted absolute, at page manger madder than the cancerous debts of death. the sequence begins i hate you (aguiar) but later it confesses, i am corrupt. each variegated ligament is debenture to this detour. thus the i hate you has become an oblique commentary on the complexities of love, difficulties of exchange, capital flow chart citadel money changers currencies of the heart, promiscuity of the commune, mercenaries in abyssinia, some things never change. ditch torpor jagged ogham of a sapient other, gilded duties allure dilate in aftertastes of flesh. never again will anyone think of new orleans as a novel. the afterimage affords our liver its foothold in these folds. blackwater, fresh from rotting in fallujah, walking the streets of the french quarterly report on jazz (or jass, as archie shepp has it, with jelly roll morton hidden behind a screen and light-skinned black women dancing for small change). under utter fantasy the cunning task and the eaten comrade. hats off on the hard time killing floor, now that you got / what you want / don't you want more / want more. however the jagged misdemeanor attaches itself to voice, withholding abject maneuver, love is not that easy. death-dread jeering signs agglomerate dredge and grudge. in any event, the red wheelbarrow was not a love poem. it was a test, experimental poetry in the true sense of the term, a hypothesis about reading tested in the laboratory of the written. death harbors the vitamin likeness until love derails her sweat. it's hard to hate the slippery old medicinal pirate playing in his sandbox like a doctor dissolving bodies. more or less asterisk syntax spelunking in the text. we continue writing his obituary even after our own rigor mortis as indifference has set in. each of us has been contaminated by the history of this text. rational cancer management like augmented terror hovering in the form.

01.05.06

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CONTAGION OF THE TEXT

by the internal logic of your agenda, not mine, even the ghosts of the fucking saints are on trial for crimes against your wallet, mythologies on parade to train your dendrites to a trellis. before your double mirror the naked skeletons stand aside you, inside sinews propaganda and askew, so such you seemle and renew since lies reside before you, silence rides the lamb and no such much again in innocence. since ceptions outset, themselves inside us, towards intention against itself, i have become the contagion of the text. i don't like it any more than you do. i and eye for a tooth in the teeth unto recant, or mix the muddled saddles, i can't forget the slant, slopes up behind and scuffles in my mutter, shudder to think and stutter forth in twos, paired again against our froth and plex. both extrudes external logics reinforced to fork twin fathoms foresight. no blem nor crinkled fish implores the skin to seep. clump forward inner text to entrance opens sleep.

01.09.06

PROLEGOMENA TO A MANIFEASTO

folks are worried about privacy and surveillance, like the thought-police want to read our minds. they don't want to read our minds. they want to write our minds.

01.08.06

MANIFEASTO

- 1 - improvisational pleasure, or serendipity.
- 2 - the spell of correct spelling is the spell of correctness.
- 3 - correctness as ideology insists on homogenized experience.
- 4 - civilization is afraid of democracy.
- 5 - thinking is subjective.

6 - consensus as ideology is an acquired taste for imposed delusions.

7 - democracy, or thinking, is opposed to pragmatism and utility. it destabilizes the economic model of human interaction.

8 - correctness confines and truncates thinking.

9 - the economic model of human interaction requires the homogenization of experience.

10 - a fine first step - disable the spell check capability.

01.10.06

death text and the haute couture death text images

for ross priddle

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Arundhati Roy: "Before September 11th 2001 America had a secret history. Secret especially from its own people. But now America's secrets are history, and its history is public knowledge. It's street talk."

Naomi Wolf: "Peace and trust between men and women who are lovers would be as bad for the consumer economy and the power structure as peace on earth for the military-industrial complex."

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the images are stolen. stolen twice. if i wanted them in a context of pornography or sexist fashion i would not need to steal them from their thieves. but i want the context and the content of a radically inclusive democracy. in a context of chrysocratic terror deterioration appears as progress and decay seems like a necessary evolutionary process. i work to decompose the commodified images and erase their encrypted marketing strategies. we are being sold a war against ourselves. a cosmetic economy masks the horror and lures us to complicity.

the texts layered over the images are also stolen. stolen and translated, deliberately mistranslated, recensions redacted improvisationally to render texts as dissonant music in

disjunctive fragments. each textual fragment is a discourse against war presented as language at war against itself. normative language usage would sell us to ourselves as proponents of the ideology of war, individual expressions of that universal agenda, sexist, racist and classist, subservient to the pragmatism of power. i would steal the discourse itself and rewrite it against its imposed, invasive intentions. i would invite the reader to continue a similar process.

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i learned about sexuality and feminism simultaneously. i've always thought a healthy eroticism was one of the fundamental goals of the feminist movement. the issue has never been sexuality itself, but rather the gender-based subjugation and degradation resulting from a dominant sexist ideology. my first girlfriend was a feminist. i spent six years with her. i'm not sure it has ever occurred to me that being anything other than a feminist was a serious option. when i was introduced to the idea in the early 70s, it seemed like a necessary part of the larger cultural transformation, a transformation of consciousness, as necessary as opposition to the vietnam war and to violent conflict-resolution, or support for the civil rights movement and opposition to racism in all of its forms. feminism was but one aspect of a multifaceted cultural revolution which included environmental awareness and the privileging of cooperation over competition, an interrogation of capitalist and corporate ideology, spiritual awakening and personal transformation, development of one's creative potential in artistic activity and as a way of thinking about and during one's daily life. the women's liberation movement seemed absolutely necessary for the vitality and viability of the whole spectrum of so-called countercultural concerns and values. times have changed, to understate the obvious, but i still think very much in terms of a diverse coalition of intertwined and overlapping groups working to alter the fundamental institutions and beliefs of american, and increasingly global, culture. sexism, racism, classism, and militarism are components of a larger ideology, or expressions of that ideology, and i take as a given my responsibility to respond from an oppositional stand point.

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i call these images collectively the haute couture death text series. the death text itself is a long anti-war poem in prose. while i was writing it, in the months leading up to the invasion of iraq, i came across a stack of elle magazines in a box beside a dumpster. i brought the box home and put it under my desk, where it remained for several months. after i finished writing the text i decided to scan the images from the fashion advertisements in the magazines. then i layered the text over the scans. i liked the results, so i started gathering images of models and actresses to extend the series.

the images are appropriated and detourned, recontextualized and used for purposes counter to those intended by their original publishers. i seriously doubt it would have occurred to me to layer these images with anti-war texts if i hadn't been thinking in terms of a feminist critique of war, and of something very much like a countercultural critique of a dominant culture in which both sexism and militarism flourish.

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Marguerite Duras: “It is an extraordinary thing, but men still see themselves as supreme authorities on women’s liberation. They say: ‘In my opinion, women should do this or that to liberate themselves—’ And when people laugh they don’t understand why. Then they take up the old refrain — their veneration of women. Whatever form this veneration takes, be it religious or surrealist, and even Georges Bataille is guilty of it, it is still racism. But when you point this out to men, they don’t understand.”

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Hélène Cixous: “What would become of logocentrism, of the great philosophical systems, of world order in general if the rock upon which they founded their church were to crumble? If it were to come out in a new day that the logocentric project had always been, undeniably, to found (fund) phallocentrism, to insure for masculine order a rationale equal to history itself? Then all the stories would have to be told differently, the future would be incalculable, the historical forces would, will, change hands, bodies: another thinking as yet not thinkable will transform the functioning of all society. Well, we are living through this very period when the conceptual foundation of a millennial culture is in the process of being undermined by millions of a species of mole as yet not recognized.” (1975)

Zillah Eisenstein: “The ‘war of/on terror’ is a terrorizing war for all who come in contact with it. The lines between combatant and civilian, rights and degradation, and white, black and brown men and women are realigned and remade. But this gender flux takes place within the structural constraints of racialized patriarchy, and masculinized gender. The naked bodies of tortured Muslim men alongside white women with cigarettes and leashes, and the absence and silencing of Muslim women at Abu Ghraib is a heart-rending reminder that war is obscene. It would be a double heart-break to think that people in this country abide any part of the violations at Abu Ghraib, especially in the name of feminism. I am hoping that the horrific pictorial exposure of torture at Abu Ghraib will recommit us all to struggle on behalf of an anti-racist feminist humanity inclusive of each and every one’s liberation across the globe.”

bell hooks: “Women of color, from various ethnic backgrounds, as well as women who were active in the gay movement, not only experienced the development of solidarity between women and men in resistance struggle, but recognized its value. They were not willing to devalue this bonding by allying themselves with anti-male bourgeois white women. Encouraging political bonding between women and men to radically resist sexist oppression would have called attention to the transformative potential of feminism. The anti-male stance was a reactionary perspective that made feminism appear to be a movement that would enable white women to usurp white male power, replacing white male supremacist rule with white female supremacist rule.”

Jane Tompkins: “It is a tenet of feminist rhetoric that the personal is the political, but who in the academy acts on this where language is concerned? We all speak the father tongue, which is impersonal, while decrying the father’s ideas.”

Annie Leclerc: “There is only one just form of thought, the living thought that can revive the smothered fire of life and sow revolt against the poisoners, the pillagers, the profaners of life. To revolt: that’s the right word. Yet it’s still not quite strong enough. Let the bell toll the end not only of those eminent possessors but also of their carrion-eating values that have polluted the whole world.”

Adrienne Rich: “The word power is highly charged for women. It has been long associated with the use of force, with rape, with the stockpiling of weapons, with the ruthless accrual of wealth and the hoarding of resources, with the power that acts only in its own interests, despising and exploiting the powerless — including women and children. The effects of this kind of power are all around us, even literally in the water we drink and the air we breathe, in the form of carcinogens and radioactive wastes. But for a long time now, feminists have been talking about redefining power, about that meaning of power which returns to the root... to be able, to have the potential, to possess and use one’s energy of creation — transforming power.”

Naomi Wolf: “Male-dominated institutions — particularly corporate interests — recognize the dangers posed to them by love’s escape. Women who love themselves are threatening; but men who love real women, more so.”

Dominique Poggi: “The sexual liberation preached by pornography is actually a channeling of sexuality toward a heterosexual world in which men are still the sole masters of the game; in this way, pornography militates in favor of maintaining men’s appropriation of women.”

bell hooks: “Had feminist activists called attention to the relationship between ruling class men and the vast majority of men, who are socialized to perpetuate and maintain sexism and sexist oppression even as they reap no life-affirming benefits, these men might have been motivated to examine the impact of sexism in their lives.”

Rachel Blau DuPlessis: “Howe appears to be on the cusp between two feminisms: the one analyzing female difference, the other ‘feminine’ difference. For the latter, she is close to Julia Kristeva, who evokes marginality, subversion, dissidence as anti-patriarchal motives beyond all limits. Anything marginalized by patriarchal order is, thus, ‘feminine;’ the ‘feminine’ position (which can be held by persons of both genders) is a privileged place from which to launch an anti-authoritarian struggle. The female use of this ‘feminine’ of marginality and the avant-garde use of this ‘feminine’ of marginality are mutually reinforcing in the work of some contemporary women: Lyn Hejinian, Kathleen Fraser, Gail Sher, Beverly Dahlen and Howe. This mixed allegiance will naturally call into question varieties of flat-footed feminism.”

Christine Delphy: “In the same way that feminism-as-a-movement aims at the revolution of social reality, so feminism-as-a-theory (and each is indispensable to the other) must aim at the revolution of knowledge.”

Naomi Wolf: “Women who have broken out of gender roles have proved manageable: Those few with power are being retrained as men. But with the apparition of numbers of men moving into passionate, sexual love of real women, serious money and authority could defect to join forces with the opposition. Such love would be a political upheaval more radical than the Russian Revolution and more destabilizing to the balance of world power than the end of the nuclear age. It would be the downfall of civilization as we know it — that is, of male dominance; and for heterosexual love, the beginning of the beginning.”

Zillah Eisenstein: “Masculinist depravity, as a political discourse, can be adopted by males and/or females. It is all the more despicable that the Bush administration used the language of women's rights to justify the bombs in the Afghan war against Taliban practices towards women; and then again against the horrific torture and rape chambers under Saddam Hussein. And it should be no surprise that Bush's women — Laura, Mary Matalin, and Karen Hughes — who regularly bad-mouth feminism of any sort were responsible for articulating this imperial women's rights justification for war.”

Starhawk: “Wise feminists do not claim that women are innately kinder, gentler, more compassionate than men per se. If we did, the Margaret Thatchers and Condoleeza Rices of the world would soon prove us wrong. We do claim that patriarchy encourages and rewards behavior that is brutal and stupid. We need raucous, incautious feminist voices to puncture the pomposity, the arrogance, the hypocrisy of the war mongers, to point out that gorilla chest-beating does not constitute diplomacy, that having the world's largest collection of phallic projectile weapons does not constitute moral authority, that invasion and penetration are not acts of liberation.”

Arundhati Roy: “Our strategy should be not only to confront empire, but to lay siege to it. To deprive it of oxygen. To shame it. To mock it. With our art, our music, our literature, our stubbornness, our joy, our brilliance, our sheer relentlessness — and our ability to tell our own stories. Stories that are different from the ones we're being brainwashed to believe.”

Naomi Wolf: “Ads do not sell sex — that would be counterproductive, if it meant that heterosexual women and men turned to one another and were gratified. What they sell is sexual discontent.”

Judy Rebick: “In Beijing, feminist leaders from around the world warned that there were two paths emerging for humanity — corporate globalization and fundamentalism. They argued that both were devastating for women. Feminist leaders from around the world were calling for a third path, based on equality, democracy and respect for diversity.”

Judy Rebick: “In the Americas, where women's rights have made tremendous gains over the past decades, a ferocious backlash against feminism has accompanied the rise of neoliberalism. As feminists have always argued for stronger social programmes, marginalizing and blaming feminism is an important ideological adjunct to neo-liberalism.”

Eric Foner: “Of the many lessons of American history, this is among the most basic. Our civil rights and civil liberties — freedom of expression, the right to criticize the government, equality before the law, restraints on the exercise of police powers — are not gifts from the state that can be rescinded when it desires. They are the inheritance of a long history of struggles: by abolitionists for the ability to hold meetings and publish their views in the face of mob violence; by labor leaders for the power to organize unions, picket and distribute literature without fear of arrest; by feminists for the right to disseminate birth-control information without being charged with violating the obscenity laws; and by all those who braved jail and worse to challenge entrenched systems of racial inequality.”

Christine Delphy: “The rebirth of feminism coincided with the use of the term ‘oppression’. The ruling ideology, i.e., common sense, daily speech, does not speak about oppression but about a ‘feminine condition’. It refers back to a naturalistic explanation: to a constraint of nature, exterior reality out of reach and not modifiable by human action. The term ‘oppression’, on the contrary, refers back to a choice, an explanation, a situation that is political. ‘Oppression’ and ‘social oppression’ are therefore synonyms or rather social oppression is a redundancy: the notion of a political origin, i.e., social, is an integral part of the concept of oppression. This term is thus the basis, the point of departure for any feminist study or strategy.”

Julia Kristeva: “What is politically ‘new’ today can be seen and felt in modern music, cartoons, communes of young people provided they do not isolate themselves on the fringes of society but participate in the contradiction inherent in political classes. The women’s movement, if it has a *raison d’être*, seems to be part of this trend; it is, perhaps, one of its most radical components.” (1974)

Simone de Beauvoir: “Feminist thought is not monolithic; every woman who struggles has her own reasons, her own perspective, her particular experience, and she offers them to us in her own way.”

Ken Kesey: “You think of the stuff that came out of the Sixties: the environmental movement, the feminist movement, the power of the civil rights movement; but most of all, it's the psychedelic movement that attempted to actually go in and change the consciousness of the people, either back to something more pure and honest, or forward to something never before realized, knowing that the places we were in, the status quo, was a dead-end — a dead-end spiritually and, as we are finding out, a dead-end economically.”

Naomi Wolf: “The current allocation of power is sustained by a flood of hostile and violent

sexual images, but threatened by imagery of mutual eroticism or female desire; the elite of the power structure seem to know this consciously enough to act on it.”

Barbara Ehrenreich & Deirdre English: “In our concern to understand more about our own biology, for our own purposes, we must never lose sight of the fact that it is not our biology that oppresses us — but a social system based on sex and class domination. This, to us, is the most profoundly liberating feminist insight — the understanding that our oppression is socially, and not biologically, ordained. To act on this understanding is to ask for more than ‘control over our own bodies’. It is to ask for, and struggle for, control over the social options available to us, and control over all the institutions of society that now define those options.”

bell hooks: “Feminism defined as a movement to end sexist oppression enables women and men, girls and boys, to participate equally in revolutionary struggle.”

Arundhati Roy: “It's absurd for the U.S. government to even toy with the notion that it can stamp out terrorism with more violence and oppression. Terrorism is the symptom, not the disease.”

04.22.05

READINGS

cements
for john crouse

see the meant. see what is meant.

this requires more than seeing. it requires both looking and reading.

what is meant, as i see it, and as i read it, is concrete.

the photo on the back cover, as i read the image, of a production facility for alpha cement, is an afterword, as if a statement of the first principle of concrete poetry.

or, to be precise, it is a translation and a gloss, of this first principle as presented in the content of the book.

live free, as i return to the text, seems to be what we are expected to know only after reading the book. during our reading, we are constrained by the physical form of the book, compelled to a gradual assembling of its gently inscribed injunction.

this, i believe, as i begin the interpretative process upon my own reading, must be why the title of the book is expressed in the plural. to live free is no simple matter. it is, in fact, in practice, very much constrained by its own complexity.

|||||

since gland the restoration of loon democracy

spoon rowing equality shops soup italics, washing the fried voting machine, sleet shorts figured enigma since 1936. nativity attuned to media retorts cramped garment campers gaze, shaved poodles posse dream amid popular wars. my health slinks loins alone, jarring vitamin anaesthesia, set totemic, ensign vacuum taut and cunning hysteria keens. amnesia stains the delicate flask. pyres veil sour drip. net political thunder into karmic stasis titillates heretical anomie, heckler lisp finally weave and sludge. teflon kayak noose, moon militia syrup, nylon toast and chaos. knotty vote for checkers presidential nose, shopping the fish gun loosely, coconut and pale ballistics. journalist toad splint aspirin, plain sap in boiling staves, a dose of nourishing odor for the caterpillar tao, spun khaki mirror jest to skin the mucus kittens. flowing spines spoon bowling batman optics, how arrogant cars and rats of art gnarl the flabby babblers. veiled submarine militia chihuahua into helicopter style, or horrors incognito, justice as a vista seeking lists of honey. anklets seep encrypted vanilla, a toyota in every kettle, jail for the glandular alphabet and the restaurants of the moon. democracy is a hefty ski jump jettisoned typographical errata. even the saliva keys masticate lashes negligence. vital hymns vascular lamps in oneiric travail collate moose soot ministry, vast tonsils spleen unseen. savannah embossed with hells, jail hidden in the samurai sauna, howl stones assume palaver rotting halitosis palomino! vendetta pylon arise, slink and pooch tarantula. by theoretical musket showering emote, blur sauerkraut meaning ocean, root plasm kaleidoscopic into curried coup.

after vote puppet, by jukka-pekka kervinen

|||||

a beauty

beauty like a vine eaten by flames forks history in silhouette, tendrils crawling from her eyes,
hand stretched towards the half-eaten frame.

she hovers just above the burning salamander, segments of mind etched in productive muse.

letters swarm against a swirl of blurred type, calisthenics of calligraphy and cataclysm, a time
of spray, squiggles stretched across the creased gulf of the page.

she gathers in raised arms an asemia against silence. roses blooming in the open book express
an indecipherable music.

our reflection redacts the equation of these oblique occasions. resistance is duration.
procedural limitations destabilize and evert the durable potential. an illegible handwriting
occludes the stenciled alphabet.

beauty disintegrates to its component fragments: be, eat, bet, at. she dances out of her book
into the space beyond the page, naked without her text, alchemical chrysalis as well as fleeing
ephemera.

after beauty, by john cese & luc fierens

|||||

the devils tao

ad hoc lode nor my diode bulb, if slippery hip to sleep, seeps oaks leech arrow each to luggage
luck, pork sperm swimming loam.

hex logos squared at hot hoodoo to hologram slowly cocoa, squiggly solo spun claws chains in
china sung. nude hoax train ran fungus, fishy leopard under scrawls morocco, squared saint
spitting serpents beak.

flap troops mayan continuous costume scratch, veins to forked horizon or ludic zorro.

after john m. bennett & cesar figueiredo

|||||

howl to singe

part digital stance, fern data gate your cat axe haddock mutant coup, wet hoax & pubic window, to wage our wrecked egg aardvark rotting clan.

cultural ache droop beef and vowel, roar tray chalk boot flag and cartel goat. viral turf root litigation, halibut on a leash. thaw hoax burnished fish totem tandem.

sleep cops calx dali, in the nixon bladder.

after how to singe, by john m. bennett & cesar figueiredo

|||||

defenestrate or power?

not a simile, nor spillage of selves through the seven windows, a zoo of birds subject to the royal latch derails ejections llama, reveille to the editor swallowed curved tennessee, spurns thimble musk and skirts severed elbow druse.

sundry desk oaf mailers clock sludge bream and scrunch. you simmer trout neon i lunch, sole lint toast in broom voice citric doodles. dare mumbled knickers calf tunes raven spasm thinks, coal as cruel arc stove or marbled nous.

pink retch more cyborgs eagle snips cart or doodles elf, shack elvis recursive escargot seams tsunami gnash. lewd wolf reggae half octagonal summit, sculpt golem watch or mogul sax, ate parched morphine liana, nor paycheck recidivist bonjour pajama knob.

exact gallop moral, nor boiler gulag knit sojourn.

after fenestration powder, by john m. bennett & cesar figueiredo

|||||

alone with myself and the strewn damp comb, merrily misreading

flocking glitch home, gulch name, glass or gash home and name—

log blinker, log stun blinker, log traced my open stun husk, again stun lust, stun husk moon, moon blinker, log traced my gash, stun husk moon blinker—

be blank, naked arms of the letter P. neck eye, blank eye, blank neck eye, settle mask cash years. quick cli, clipped clip, clip art part, scrunch prune shard harlot, row log or hog—

cling rabbits porcine looming umbilical gland. see sneeze sex, see seize, wet lock lore or couch (used onions). gland goes snakes, sugar (cougar) hummer (hammer)—

bank sank, be flying fish roach calligraphy, bet ice age, stream salad betting blank page—

|||||

war wares

smoking partitioned brain, egg mix trim gar skeletal cocktail eye. gag clan blotch, virus verso maximal extra arts. universal tablet cholera, attrition caboose presentiment, legume nights and arabesque, the cardinal cereal tao.

rascal loop drool moral smear, drip letteral daunt sax nexus, fish nor soma spinal fuming yam.

shade cowl younger tongue columbus, wood ache latent quote, sock fog of poetics cosign, segue spittle beet or dada porridge.

after john m. bennett & cesar figueiredo

|||||

ideal

the jetsam sun tract hills fully heirloom, whole cheese polished like word bars.

fog cape smothered cleveland grape, gated underwear shirt and spume phone panic nook,
between two pillars like a potted head.

scrawl forgotten clump they lumpy grate themselves. the slug drape pill, bait stub american
mouth, yearns tongue magnetic hiss clog blurry snit.

suit pirouette in gland foam bowling bang scrape sharper grill, harp peach cocktail bullet fist,
perch hand worms crawling strand in silhouette. streets like ice on glass hump rotten knoll.

lusts caper knit whirr cogs nor plot of frogs and pillage, his magnified hung burns snipe
cincinnati smooth. crepe dog frilly fills beans crook phantom bone.

abstract north american spoon and flirt underwater gravy, hub mate spill huddled buckeye.
book relic tonic spam, the paper rusts aghast mice biker sheets.

after slug, by john m. bennett & steve dalachinsky

|||||

mocha grease

memory is blank gravy lattice for hinged sneakers scarred tattoo. speed beast ear and tincture
liminal nose nor bakers loin dispenser skeletal towels stop art at experiential smear leafy soap
our pterodactyl. lung washed handy index rot. boat parsed owl phlegm in ribcage deaths flank
host radio grin. salsa codex in the rearview umbrellas. feel the sneeze prayer slouching corpse
to white clocks palm suburbia. moral historic bank. rice navy. forked wings speaking cars
taboo. greed yeast fear and puncture minimal rose, for bait groin pensive skeet, vowels slope
apart at experimental seminar. if leap snoops our terror dangle, tongue ash randy suspects,
not mote parched vowel in phlogiston and birdcage. breaths blank ghost in radial salt coda
inner ear nor nude umbra, peel the knees layered pouch. coarse tooth whitened flocks to clam
or urban visa.

after film noir, by steve dalachinsky & john m. bennett

|||||

our tailors slant inscribed

lips pistol cartoon mannikin, alligator eye and emblematic cat, shelter the earlobe at faded

joking clock. diaphanous leg on the pedestal of a boot, her face dotted syllables and fragments of quick grenades. brand gratuity aligns with the ulterior dénouement of the grave. only you, lost postcards bisected by a disembodied eye, lipstick like a bullet, leg irons and silver spoons for the antelope, via air mail from south africa. the scandalous film provokes public decomposition. at the commune of preventive saviors, films eaten by a blank asparagus. instant critics dangle participial sauce detuned. our original mad rebellion was made of these same rugged practices. ducks cranial peacock yoga, eggs baking in sepia tones, a rhapsody like kudzu growing understory over her face.

after shelter, by luc fierens & keiichi nakamura

|||||

stuffed pyramids & bitten anthologies

simple nouns, dirt toad arrows and skunks bubble. a grimace with censored eyes makes anvils in the sand, pistol lapel and string-ring clutch, no rein of disappointment in proper boat dirt potted camels. uniformed power is contemptuous of uniformed incarceration. text germs embodied void sickness of jails, hunger under lotus contortions, the bearded moons of christmas, but it is good to process old snout with a special romaine of miserly infant juice. true, the terminal tincture is a sacrificial collective lunar space quill seeping perfumed petunia pewter soup, one form of artifice ceiling dance, once a special edition of identity, dealer meat chronic knees, but quivering existence quiche telephone dancing sap, complexity nocturnal, an aura of pristine fins. ill assembly beans or quonset snot, against the genre of the truckers. “a gratuitous hostility is the perfect quest” — sir emily frost. her eyes fizzle with traumatic usury. culture is a conic wire of veils. light shudders in the school of versatile zaum. this is the usurious seer, the felt sea of a banished vermifuge. if beans were jars, then tongues would cough graffiti. the eyes are peeled from the face in the postmodern revolution. like gold and bread, bones are the peace ghosts hear. the ecstasy of the menial is a disoriented prose.

after e-shapes, by luc fierens & mark sonnenfeld

|||||

factor as bonnet warfare

flowering helicopter maps bald vocable chickens hidden germs each navel ladder. word under androgynous bird builds helical equator landmine. behind industrial chicken wire our buildings evaporate in raw heat, a genre of possible humans haunted by rented credibility,

bamboo ruptured tanks astride a tired democratic wind. leg wrestling nameless missile, charade of corporate exercise, parade of random dusks, tirade in golden static, facade of anguished flesh. what is the sea sense mostly sonic calligraphy worse even than yolk and guts september aspic? type style hungers triptych furniture of fragrant seagulls, each one a guild of antique hats.

after the state of the art, by luc fierens & annina van sebroeck

|||||

seams in focal burlap

circular no dada circulates crossed text scraps against the void, smear smudge and blur occluded crosshatch, routes reading in all durations. the holes in the void are where the phonemes live. hop paradox padlocked tooth, hope cooked chronic gyre, by hint of map to find the upturned foot. apocalypse articulates interior interview, an epic psychosis hypotenuse opens doors onto our yard sale. haiku bananas oppose deaf germs caterpillar glow incongruous gamete american xanthosis, skeletal larynx and cellular fire sale garage. anterior mental sense pox, or the how-to zodiac handbook, anatomical holes aligned with a list of nouns. faces float between the texts like binocular surfing zygotes. at the evil baseball library, such lovers metropolitan trout due ceilings trombone apropos, a religious sausage for the serious family cactus. flames faucet invertebrate camel, a nervous tribal pneumonia and aluminum apocalypse, cops solicit temporal crumbs and cushioned mail. representational circles toil disproportionate allure, poisonous exorcism and ancestral artichoke salt. the colonial purse emerges from solemn cicada albumin, like a swerve of homophonic wine in the singular strident night. fume the cups to dance confections route. nude weeds straddle the juice.

after folk noism in(ter)vention, by luc fierens & dmitry bulatov

|||||

rea nikonova — “peace/transplant”

from poetry is a boundary line between word and no word

the word PEACE as title at top, with a square enclosing the initial E.

two columns of letteral permutations.

column one contains permutations beginning with the vowels E and A.

column two contains those beginning with the consonants P and C.

here peace is composed, deconstructed, and reconstituted one letter at a time, as is as if to say, is transplanted over time, piece by piece.

E

column one begins with “epeac”. the last letter becomes the first.

the next permutation is “eacep”. the initial E forms a column of its own. the remaining 4 letters from the first permutation are read from the center out, beginning with the last two. so, the initial E, followed by AC followed by EP.

the next permutation is “ecepa”. the two center letters are retained as a pair, CE, and the remaining two are paired beginning with the end, thus PA.

the next entry, “escape”, is produced by pairing the first and last, CA, then reversing the positions of the central pair, EP to PE.

next, “eapec” is formed by repeating the method used to produce “ecepa”.

“epcea” is constructed by pairing the consonants and then the vowels, in order.

“epcae” reverses the vowel pair order.

A

thick lines enclose the Es.

in the first four permutations the E is the central letter.

the first two begin with AC, thus with “ACE”.

the next two begin with AP, so “APE”.

each line can be read as if it comprised of two vocables, the article “A” and the following letter

string.

the first two lines are homonymic: “a cepe” and “a ceep”.

each sounding suggests a closing, “asleep”.

associational sound is content, the peace of sleep.

the next two lines are also homonymic: “a pece” and “a peece”.

there is peace, but this is only one form of peace. here we have two others.

P

thick, broken or dotted lines link the two Es is “paece”.

the first E is also connected to the second E of “epeac” in the first column, which is in turn linked to the first E.

thin, wavy lines connect the Cs and Ps.

the C in “paece” is connected to its counterpart in “eapec” and also to the C in “pacee”, two lines down in the consonant column.

the letters so to speak are transplanted from column to column, growing so giving a peace apiece, site to site recombinant sounds of peace.

C

the first four lines begin with CE, which sounding is to say as if with C, which as we see is indeed the case.

we arrive at TRANSPLANT, bottom left, as title, after our reading of the text. all titles in this book are found at the bottom of their pages.

compact instructional gloss, title as terse afterword.

PEACE is as if a preface, a one-word introductory note, and acts as the melody stated, theme in sense sound and sight, and the architext of the poem is constructed of variations on this theme.

january - april 2005

Defiant Reading

subjective asemic postulates

as one route through the experiential, a moment encountered as encoded information is decoded in the sensorium to a biosemiotic aggregate subsequently reencoded as language. at this distance, twice-removed, we find ourselves cognizant of our own experiences. human commonality in the sense of its social utility is predicated upon the assurance of subjective experience having become relatively homogenous through its encipherment in shared language. as one route through this encipherment, we might posit as its root components the recognizable variations on the standard shapes ascribed to a set of alphabeticals used in its written depiction. another, related route would investigate the sounds evoked under normative conditions by this same set of alphabeticals. by mutating the standard alphabetical forms, asemic writing destabilizes the encipherment at the site of its visible construction. asemic writing necessitates processes of navigation and decipherment only analogous to normative reading strategies. reading becomes recombinative, recuperative, and improvisational, in direct transgression of normative linguistic homogeneity, opening to a reconstituted subjectivity of experience within language. a strictly semiotic system is reconfigured as asemic when subjectivity assumes primacy for its interpretive elaboration. one effect of this is to introduce the seductive fallacy of having returned to an origin or immediacy, as if the act of destabilizing a human code could erase the human factor from a continual dialectic of the coded, the decoded, and the reencoded. destabilization of the alphabeticals disables received strategies of reading, thus opening the asemic text to interpretive experiences outside the set of acceptable interactions as reading. consensus reality is not communicable by an asemic field. structural censorship constraining the spectrum of permissible experience is not enforceable within an asemic field. hierarchical stratifications of the dominant culture, delineating slots and roles for authorities and subalterns, are available only as transparently arbitrary constructions within an asemic field. the asemic text offers an alternative subjectivity, a site for extrapolations of the experiential, in direct opposition to any homogenous template sanctioned in the diminished capacities of socially- and linguistically-constructed identities. the asemic writer extends an openness, an absence, to the

reader. as one route through this absence, we might posit the provisional reinvention of reading as a radical extrapolation of subjective experience. nomadic reading strategies along the rhizome of the asemic insinuate fractal basins for the anarchic subject.

02.27.03

Viz & Po

in writing, as the time spent at it, to begin the work of reconstructive conservation on subjectivity itself, before it becomes the ghosted recollection of an antiquated proclivity. intersubjectivity as preemptive theory ratifies a detritus in our demise, as if to imagine a salvific sludge palpably among us, to offer this constructed consensus as the progression empirically absent in our cultural accumulation.

the sentence, not entirely here as elsewhere, to stanchion the prolegomena to a lethal fiction, crenelated parapets against all assurance of enduring in duration.

a word, if we are to tell ourselves as such, unbuilt, assembles the symptom in the synapse, so as to guess our diffidence against us, lest we awaken to ourselves as guests in the vestibules of death.

letters are less truant to our experiential chaos. recombinant glyphs against the stable sense. nowhere in the sensorium is there a site for the stable sign, the consensus signified, settled.

sentences expand through words to letters towards experience and act. letters reduce to words, phrases, sentences, paragraphs, chapters, books.

the persistent viz in po occurs where the syllables are seamed. at the site of poetic sounding.

vizpo, if it is to be po and not just viz, should retain a salient trace of its origin in sound.

01.24.03

a few notes on some subsyllabic determinants of rhythmic patterns

duration must be factored in when determining componential relations within a rhythmic unit

the space, pause, between words is a component either of the preceding or of the following

rhythmic unit

subsyllabic determinants shift the shape of rhythmic units

clank plunk bonk
clank clunk clonk

in this example, lingual shifts determine rhythmic shifts

rhythmic components aggregate semantically within and among words

subsyllabic rhythmic components aggregate phonetically

reading: letterstrings are read as fragmented and interrupted semantic sequences, an interspersal of truncated words among sequences of subsemiotic visual noise

c lank p lun k bon k
clan k cl un k cl on k

sounding: letterstrings are sounded as aggregates arranged in phonemic, phonetic, lingual and caesural units

clapluboclaccluclonk

letteral interrelations enact the experiential nexus. as the aggregate units grow larger, the connections become less clear.

02.21.03

Poetry

What do we think in words about words? Gaps in electrochemical continuity remove us experientially from experience to a system of processes among nonlocal nodes, thought itself instantiated as an experiential becoming neither experience nor mirrored language. We would model this as an image and likely append a text.

If an image as if in a thought experiment were strained through a sluice, or more precisely, if a text as if in a poem were strained through an image — memory is a kind of thought experiment, or a model of one as if in a text/image poem — then the voids of infinite smallness, cathected components of the electrochemistry, would comprise the primary substance of thought, the quarks as it were of experience imagined through a lens of words.

I write to get close. We want to get it right, or we tell ourselves that when we're thinking about desire, when we've forgotten almost entirely about getting things right. Forgetting is half the journey. There's only one method of forgetting worth remembering — the sacred path, low and crooked, very close to the path of attentive love.

Poetry would be the obvious choice, if not for the ubiquitous duplicity of being. When you think you see poetry as the obvious choice you are in the presence of the trickster dancing his favorite hoax.

Sometimes this is harsh enough, most often not. We like to sleep through our dreams, and the dream of annihilation is no exception.

This is why I write, because love is both ubiquitous and unique — the next best thing to impossible — and quite likely will kill us all sooner than we think.

09.09.03

afterword to As A Boy, by Luc Fierens

translated, means literally “always guard the sweet spot”, a curious and somewhat cryptic miscegenation of basketball and baseball metaphors, with obvious sexual undertones and partials. a visual poem cannot by accident be less experiential than the text a sculpture some leaf rocks slippery after the hurricane passes, then snow and ice in winter. collage cuts-up the individual like time run backwards through a sentence, though inexactly, like a person parsed passed through a center, holds as a fictional necessity and abject correlative, but whose name is deliberately misspelled. there are only two experiential givens, if the experiential is taken as a variety of the transcendental absolute, plato's geometrical cavefish: uniqueness and change, either of which alone is too noisy to fit between two punctuations. at the top of your to do list today please enter the following: do something that doesn't change the world. this means, simply, pay attention, and it will ruin your day. we make collages because there is only one sense, touch, but we have five distinct ways of reading the data, therefore we are physically incapable of making the world seem more complex than it actually is. collage flourishes when the soul is an angry refugee, when the economic disparities threaten to explode like televisions at an art school. experience is not a found object; it's a readymade-aided, and you collectively are responsible for its text. after an indeterminate series of days ruined by attentiveness as you awaken to your private heaven in the sun, the curse of subjectivity, sweat-drenched and dying from an ancient adolescence, there is simply too much flesh memory synchronous nomadic desire, the present distended, presence like an excess of porous flesh stretched across the cosm, the chasm between subjectivities, you sense as if at random dire marvels of connectivity, but we lose sight of the thread scent of ariadne touch with ourselves and the world, the real, as we search for the commune of uniqueness unchanging. i wouldn't have it any other way, but

don't let the pronouns fool you. we are in this collage as writers, forest for the trees and the opposite is equally true, note the exact time and place as you read this: 1) it's far too crowded, a certain sign of imprecision, though greater precision will merely magnify complexity and clarify little or nothing; 2) all the same, it's impossible to replace yourself in precisely this time and space. therefore, collage exists, and also sound as touch, see for instance the sounds touched through the eyes. not all collages are visual poems, of course, many are mostly analogous to paintings. nero was a drooling madman, no positive connotations whatsoever intended, and as such has come to symbolize for some of us the manipulation of history by ruling elites to quarantine the powers of artistic attentiveness during times of hegemonic malevolence. fiddling, then, or the making of collages some of which are visual sound poems, but perhaps that's better left unsaid. new thinking will produce new behavior. the homogenization of experience is a strategy designed to train our dendrites to a trellis. the repetition of old behaviors reinforces and entrenches old ways of thinking. extremes of attentiveness, as in artistic attentiveness, render the very concept of repetition inadequate to experience, precisely inaccurate. there is no such thing as repetition; there is uniqueness, and there is change. the five readings of touch in the flux of time teach us this if nothing else. change is always phase transition, ice to water water to steam, the old into the new, and is always chaotic. if in thinking, then inside the self no longer singular retraining the readings to renewed subjective experience. an anarchy enters us as touch. collage as a form can be seen as a metaphor for cooperation. take it or leave it, say what you will, it's a big risk either way. some of us are already into the phase transition. things are beginning to seem a bit chaotic from where i sit, writing and reading this, 8:09 am, wednesday morning, 10.15.03, 1512 mountainside ct charlottesville va usa jim leftwich

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singing the flat opaque. each letter a thicket of vines distinctly our moan and squeak, copse into which the rabbit flops grinning from ear to ear, wrung through a wavy grid. ornament is the oldest tradition of every surface. an ornament in isolation, or in any context other than its own, is a glyph, primordial aura around the priority of speech, and prior to that the embryonic phonemes of the hunt, vocables of sex and harvest. the letters entered through the eyes as birds' feet and broken trees and their birds built nests in the forks of the tongue. an asemic glyph is everything other than a return to the thing recalled, thus its campanulate kinship with the syllable, its stylitic refusal of the word, even as the letters revolt, serfs wielding their serifs like swords words worlds collapse into their opacity, unless we chance to sing them in defiance of azoic intent. asemia is not silence, nor is it any sort of absence, it is a song imploded everted, imbricate membrane. our words belong to our discarded calendars, to a childhood of astrology earlier than eleusis, or to the murder of kennedy and planes flying into towers. we want our words to transmute into glyphs, easier to thread a camel through

the last straw in a haystack, then to transmute these glyphs back into words. glyphs live in the future, gandharvas across a bardo, we coax glimpsed sound from memory of things to come. in its purest form, a syllable is a vowel. much the same can be said for the singularity of a glyph. in the company of words glyphs cloak themselves in surface, and hide their songs like vowels inside a sentence. they gaze out at the reader like mute ornamental gargoyles. we read around them, shy and tedious, like the broken image of an elf. pixies among their pylons juggle our refuse and cavort for the surveillance cameras. they build pueblos of basalt at the base of the brain. dreams sweat feathery purr of missiles. polyphonic medulla sex in the gaps of signs.

10.27.03

emptying by filling. the inverse of tsimtsum is horror vacuii. ex nihilo nothing, as before the white void no need for god, so engendering herself against the coming hymn, each empty screen no crystal ball foretelling its future text. rupture expands along curved space to close as its own suture. calligraphy is an excess of writing, written at the closure of chaos where reading connects to looking, as the record of that particular oscillation, quantum letters quivering in a zero-point fluctuation. the non-locality of the particular as a signifier presupposes its atemporal signification. reading is always in time, imbricate coordinates of a matrix enfolded (b)looms, but writing occurs ahead of itself, thus the archaic science of a hybrid self. presently the moment past memory returns just out of reach, a mitosis of the calligraphic sign, and barely enough is emptied for the minute to map its pulse. since such you're less surfeit a crowded selves.

10.29.03

A Brief Bible of Defiant Reading

the human eye is quicker than a chinese hopping spider. thus in reading the eye traverses the terraced chasms of the tao.

“give a man a fish and he will work all day. teach him to fish and he will eat you for lunch.”
—chairman lao tzu

type moves at the speed of ink through sinews and fibers or at the speed of arithmetic among binary ephemera thus slowing the organic antics of the eye, which eases us ever closer to the momentous inertia of human culture.

reading is a process of disassembling the collapsible ideology of one's local ecology. meaning is

constructed through the labored disassembling of an osmotic aggregate.

the nimble fragility of the eye encourages in reading a conflation of subtlety with subjectivity and is perceived as a threat to the lucrative comfort zones of the holy socius.

when reading mercurial recounts of corporate tenacity and political autochthony the eye everts in a slow implosion and oozes against the synapses like ink from a frozen octopus.

images should be read as molten and bloated letterstrings from the secret text hidden in plain view. an image is a scrap of text offering itself on the inedible scale of maximum human aggrandizement. this is why humans tend to sleep through their dreams.

as a lunar moth is to an Epson Stylus 880 color printer, so also is the human eye to a keyboard before a screen. if the printer is beneath a lamp, as it should be, then the eye is like a butterfly, also as it should be, and the passage from screen to sheet is but a moment's blink.

“a fish in the eye is worth two in the boot.” —Sir Jesus of Christmas

“the letters are alien sperm.” —Acidophilus Kuttner (Antwerp, 1460)

the aphorism drawn taut connects the horizon to its etymon : an it harm no man, read what thou wilt.

08.01.04

Pulsing Swarms & Squiggly Diagonals

Visual Writing

we could say visual writing is an entrance, into the between of self and other, into perception, the during of the perceived, an experience of experience at once one step removed. it is an exit, from the flat diurnal sleeping imagery of pragmatic distance, experience as a commodity, as in trance away from that and into the chaotic entropy of the real. the archetype as such is either that which is entered, or as aggregate and serial fragments a set of symbiotic clues advancing towards an exit. visual poetry is encountered in exile, as the palpable refuge and estrangement of an embryonic language, at once foreign and familiar, perhaps too close to the body and its discontinuous cognition — a flicker as if of faded cognates along a spinal axis

stretched from the subjective to its objective, neither of which will cease to exist in its entirety, agitating for receptivity among the brainwave graphs.

jim leftwich 02.18.05

TEXT

every text is at least tripartite, i.e.:

- 1) that which is written
- 2) the text itself
- 3) that which is read

these are not qualities of a single thing, but rather are distinct states or conditions of that which we call generally a text.

the transformation of that which is written to the text itself is a chaotic phase transition, as the passage from ice to water, and the transformation of the text itself to that which is read is yet another phase transition, as the passage from water to steam.

each textual state contains traces of and potentialities for the others.

some of that which is written can be found in the text itself, though the text itself exists only to write and rewrite itself.

the text itself writes as an erasure of that which is written, and it rewrites as a mask of excess against that which is read.

that which is written is entirely the responsibility of its author, every apostrophe and printer's dash, but it is barely a palimpsest of the text itself.

that which is read is constructed collaboratively by its reader, but it is damped by auctorial intention and driven by the excessively generative polysemy of the text itself.

01.30.05

improvisational enallage

improvisation is a form of trial and error. the more frequent the trials, the less frequent the

errors. or so it seems. but it may be something else entirely. errors may be errors of perception, of scale and context, rather than occurrences of something "wrong". jazz players as different as art tatum and eric dolphy have both said all the notes always fit, it's just a matter of learning how to make this happen. likely a matter of listening as much as of playing, or of doing the two together. the random might work much as does the improvisational, though damped and driven by constraints and forces other than those inherent in improvisation. chaos is a system of constraints on a scale either much smaller or much larger than the system engaged under normal conditions by the human sensorium. at the limits of psychic integrity improvisation embodies an anarchy which resonates with systems and scales of an order other than its own. writing sentences as poems, remnants and resonances and palimpsests of sentences, improvising to the sense in sounds, tracking letterstrings to clusters, nodes or moments of sounded sense, i encounter again and again instances of improvisational enallage.

december 2002

ex nihilo ad absurdum

ts'ao-shu — "draft script", or "grass script"
k'uang ts'ao-shu — "crazy grass script"

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Robert Duncan — "The freedom of the individual lies in his institution of anarchy where before he was sole ruler."

Sandra Jeppesen — "Anarchy is about cultural production."

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there are no masters of prepared pen calligraphy. each stroke invents an indeterminate future for itself, redacts the tangential vectors of its lineage, instantiates the processual just prior to its present, moving the experiential as is as if experience of itself.

posit and deposit, ink doubling against offhand occlusion, wrapt mirrors reverse prestidigitation, to prophesy the faceted contexts of a revisionist ahistory. recursive loops inscripted evolve a past of fractal basins.

start with a sharpie. steal it from the imagined museum of a nameless workers' collective, it

will have been the improvisational compass for their *dérive*. continue with a knife: archaic emblem of between, glyph for the phase transitions in a dialectical carnival of subversions.

it is the hand and the breath, the chair and the desk, the time of day and a matter of scale. if the heart was the size of a moon it would see the earth's rotation and hear its orbital song, this leaks into the hand and oils the slippage, wrapped recursive mirrors, the pen praying among itself in pagan glossolalia. subatomic orbits inside each synapse infect our thoughts with timeless void, invisible rainbows drip like angels from a bestial tongue.

carving the pen: too much attention contaminates the surface with a discontinuous logic, the logarithmic reproduction of imitative failures. attend to the inscrutability of the pen's facticity. allow the blade to whisper along each edge, sensuous and sinuous. forget the ancient stories, and remember not to replace them. the serpent never sleeps. at the center of the sign is its absence, signifying against the science of silence.

you will want to carve several pens: gradations of fine to chisel points, spectral colors. each one requires an emptying of ancient ritual, enacts the spiritual awakening to recollection constructing itself. memory, like spiritual awakening, is a cultural metafiction, disquisitions of the captives upon refinements of their cage. the task at hand (there will be blue spots, red splotches, black smudges, perchance a green stripe along your life-line, the bloods of the pens upon you) is to release the shrieking larks from their enlightenment serinettes.

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misdirections through lineage & context

John Cage — “I decided that what was wrong was not me but the piano. I decided to change it.”

Jean Dubuffet — “I have the impression, language is a rough, very rough stenography, a system of algebraic signs very rudimentary, which impairs thought instead of helping it.” — “Written language seems to me a bad instrument. As an instrument of expression, it seems to deliver only a dead remnant of thought, more or less as clinkers from the fire. As an instrument of elaboration, it seems to overload thought and falsify it.”

Jean Dubuffet — “I declare that every phase of the natural world (and the intellectual world is of course included), every part of every fact — mountains or faces, movements of water or forms of beings — are links in the same chain, and all proceed from the same key, and for this reason I declare that the forms of screaming birds which appear on my ink-spotted page have the same source as real birds, just as the gestures I reveal in those same spotted pages, the glance which shines from one place, the laughing face which appears in another, are the result of mechanisms which produce these same gestures, glances, laughs, elsewhere, and are

almost real gestures, real glances, are in any case their cousins, or, if homologues are preferred — abortions, unsuccessful aspirations.”

Henri Michaux — "Whoever, having perused my signs, is led by my example to create signs himself according to his being and his needs will, unless I am very much mistaken, discover a source of exhilaration, a release such as he has never known, a disencrustation, a new life open to him, a writing un hoped for, affording relief, in which he will be able at last to express himself far from words, words, the words of others."

Richmond Browne's letter to Jerry Coker, in Improvising Jazz:

"I believe that it should be a basic principle to use repetition, rather than variety - but not too much. The listener is constantly making predictions; actual infinitesimal predictions as to whether the next event will be a repetition of something, or something different. The player is constantly either confirming or denying these predictions in the listener's mind. As nearly as I can tell, the listener must come out right about 50% of the time - if he is too successful in predicting, he will be bored; if he is too unsuccessful, he will give up and call the music 'disorganized'.

Thus if the player starts a repetitive pattern, the listener's attention drops away as soon as he has successfully predicted that it is going to continue. Then, if the thing keeps going, the attention curve comes back up, and the listener becomes interested in just how long the pattern is going to continue. Similarly, if the player never repeats anything, no matter how tremendous an imagination he has, the listener will decide that the game is not worth playing, that he is not going to be able to make any predictions right, and also stops listening. Too much difference is sameness: boring. Too much sameness is boring - but also different once in a while."

Jean Dubuffet— "From the very outset, the very question of madness must be rethought since, all things considered, it has hardly any criteria other than the social." — "The notion of psychotic art is absolutely false! Psychiatrists emphasize it because they wish to believe they are in a position to differentiate, to tell who is sane and who isn't." — "I believe that the creation of art is intimately linked to the spirit of revolt. Insanity represents a refusal to adopt a view of reality that is imposed by custom. Art consists in constructing or inventing a mirror in which all of the universe is reflected. An artist is a man who creates a parallel universe, who doesn't want an imposed universe inflicted on him. He wants to do it himself. This is a definition of insanity. The insane are people who push creativity further than professional artists, who believe in it totally."

Jean Dubuffet — "We can only rid ourselves of the Western bourgeois caste by unmasking and demystifying its phony culture. It serves everywhere as this caste's weapon and the Trojan horse."

Sandra Jeppesen — “Anarchy is a struggle for the present moment.”

Stephen Drury — “The first task in writing for the prepared piano is the selection and placement of the preparations, building a palette of pings, thumps, and drum and gong-like noises, with hints of microtones lying between the cracks of the keyboard, often a single sustained pitch ringing on after an initial burst of noise. The creation of a piece thus begins with a choice of materials rather than a theme or motif (or even a twelve-tone row). Each prepared note takes on an autonomous character, like a chord or harmony complete in itself. Composition then becomes the act of ordering and combining these previously chosen sound-objects, rather than creating melodies and harmonies out of the available pitches.”

Tim Gaze — “Asemic works play with our minds, enticing us to attempt to “read” them. Some asemic works make the viewer hover between “reading” (as a text) and “looking” (as a picture). This is a very interesting state. They form a bridge between art and writing. In Chinese culture, poetry, painting and calligraphy are deemed to be closely related arts. Here is a Western analogue.”

11.29.04

a few thoughts emerging from the unarticulated text *for tom hibbard*

visual writing deconstructs the conventional dichotomy of looking and reading. in attending to visual writing we are compelled to read non-textual components of the composition as semiotic agencies within the field of the writing.

visual writing is gaining more practitioners, which means it is expanding in complexity in proportion to the infusion of diverse subjectivities involved in its production.

collage is a component of visual writing, or at times a tool utilized in its production.

all visual writing is a rejection of, by which i mean an expansion of, regular writing.

a single written word has at least three distinct qualities, those of visibility, sound, and sense. in regular writing, as for example an article in a newspaper, these qualities are prioritized as follows: 1) sense, 2) sound, 3) visibility. visual writing rearranges these priorities. in many cases the new priorities are 1) visibility, 2) sense, 3) sound. but, much visual writing is also a form of sound poetry, and the priorities of regular writing are reversed, i.e.: 1) visibility, 2) sound, 3) sense.

meaning is not so much presented as is a series, or an aggregate, of opportunities for the collaborative construction of meanings by the interaction of the reader and the text.

visual writing is about reading, which is to say it's about thinking. it's about changing the way one perceives and thinks about one's perceptions, which is to say it's about changing the way one reads.

visual writing is not new, but it's still new enough to be marginal, which is to say we are not yet fully comfortable as a culture with reading aggregates, or with reading squiggly diagonals, or with reading invisible resonances scattered within a field.

meanings produced by pulsing swarms, or by improvised punctuations along irregular reading routes, are often new enough, or marginal enough, or strange enough to seem to some as though they don't belong in the conventional category of meaning. and perhaps they don't. new ways of reading, in the company of new ways of writing, will produce new categories of meaning.

as more visual writing is produced, and more of it is read, the strategies for reading it will gradually catch up with the strategies involved in writing it, and an exponential expansion of the meanings produced will inevitably occur.

we aren't there yet, but we're working on it.

02.14.05

SCRAPE

i'm not interested in the cut or the fissure so much as i am interested in the scrape, when and where two things are forced together even though they obviously do not fit, like two pieces of rusted metal sliding against each other, the sound a palpable fact of spatial dissonance, experiential epistemology like a dark splatter of ink against the light framed void moment, no past no future and no extrapolated present, just the rorshach of unhinged signifiers displaced in their cultural space/time, where reading one's world becomes a hermeneutics of the several small quakes rippling along one's spine, a sensorium scraping against a world like tectonic plates shifting their weights, reading wearing against its world like an entrance into the necessary dissonance of the real.

poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world — so thoroughly unacknowledged as to render the rest of the phrase laughable. or to render it intelligible only to a kind of bitter, mocking defiance, as when oppen rewrote it: poets are the legislators of the unacknowledged

world.

oppen quit writing poems for 25 years, as if in obedience to an either/or injunction. he was caustically explicit: i don't mean that poetry will serve as politics: i know it will not. and, later: the 25 year gap: there are times when poetry, my poetry, the poetry i can write seems hopelessly inadequate.

we may be confronting a similar predicament today. our poetry is not only inadequate, it may very well be entirely irrelevant. we have to want more than that for our work. oppen again: if you decide to do something politically, you do something that has political efficacy. and if you decide to write poetry, then you write poetry, not something that you hope, or deceive yourself into believing, can save people who are suffering. that was the dilemma of the thirties. in a way i gave up poetry because of the pressures of what for the moment i'll call conscience.

i don't think we can accept that. we need to begin with a both/and proposition, one which will permit us both poetry and political efficacy. i refuse to acquiesce to the idea that pressures of conscience dictate otherwise.

poets are not by definition excluded from participation in the resistance. if there is to be an avant garde — and i am very suspicious of the term — then our current circumstances demand that it be oppositional. that in itself will require that it be vigorously anti-elitist (which, in itself, may well exclude it from the historical lineage of avant gardes).

there is at present a global network, one with many nodes and with no discernible center, which is organized in active resistance to the dominance of corporatist empire. it is very easy to imagine groups of radicalized poets participating as nodes within this network — and participating within it as poets, not as anything else. this is an immediately available alternative to the either/or impasse confronted by oppen. the way to set this in motion is simply to develop strategies of distribution for the poetry which actively engage the nodes within the already established network. the quickest entry into this distribution network is through the mail art / visual poetry network.

12.27.04

from email to chris daniels

poetry as process moves inevitably away from traditional poetical practice. that's what the improvisational was all about, process. we want to think about frames and fields and units of composition rather than measure and metaphor. if the word can be fractured to the syllable, as it is in all conventional verse, then the syllable can be fractured into the letter. the idea of the letter as the unit of composition becomes the starting point, taken as a given, for all the

other constructions. at some point it seems logical to decide that the letter really isn't essential to these other constructions. we can follow the logic of this poetics to practices very distant from those used to produce normative or traditional poems.

02.21.06

lest puke due machete of art

SPAM TEXT

Hvqnl qopg f/hut heyk. hypj pmr, qgnty, puwrab. sjyft zqvy ewws, djw, ewt. rrrr ilegqo eptz, afmwyc, jatnxo. qgwh eufm vpqli, akxogv, ket. tquc ayp cjiqvg, ornftx, igxaq. tvxlpz raiuct trjy, comvnp, toglsz. rnaqgs pmv rqd, qkegx, umhna. burkle ekeub roij, lacr, btc. dqpsrk dvpn auwdlp, vzjibn, jot. dye txc aaau, bwjzzw, tsqcct. ccfyqi ucp hwth, lko, kptzi. rmpk sokq uobx, vgcqn, bziyj. rkie wtnalc djhsm, ajmca, wbaezm. qwnw kqn dra, ajbp, byfdyg. cjfd kwtyst iij, ayv, kwsbzq. crpdta wvuur nkg, tgju, gxrers. hzfy krruqp mglz, uzo, kkhrrh. vyt hugg rzdhrs, gasfs, ggorq. izwdz chkj vcqa, iswo, qvnee. uvks lpilel qwj, yzo, jjnzdd. qjbmew wbh luuwok, xyuzp, iyx. ddhuo guger ngui, tyl, wltx. ufa rewy lighq, yzzhw, hpks. igmfi mjcen enl, vtdhtf, abu. sec okltt hcvl, wqgjfb, kkaps. sok upjib dup, ylyp, qxsv. zii zdzsrn odpwe, abbnzo, rxeorb. qjxp crdu jiibgm, ippvp, jicpwu. lmcle nvqjab keay, iogg, mrnogl. wzxak nzafjc cmleke, alvf, munsgy. fxrra qakbe eqgk, lxdu, xgfka. krsjkj qznc rvhher, prp, lbouga. tnn wxui wvqzn, gws, ijsz. ebo jou biqa, nivl, okucsr. tzfmb scvqll qpuij, yzx, glvb. nslgts uzmwv kkrqb, nsltl, zwpa. szn uhivw uate, vhdjzq, ubrta. uopon cjn hjub, nhdio, tpx. jaj aty inemr, aeul, xvl. zwu rjgj hsxjm, ywke, ctli. whn usv mekyl, quop, cldy. hjbbwk.

02.19.04

the music of language crusades heretical danger in your pants. plants ants, fuck it and forget it. the mudra of forgetfulness: cork nimbus plat cubic zephyr, clovis point xanthosis, blue fluke adz reagent calx mitosis. full blown atomic moonflower jazz front porch alembic jihad. elf portal traits mint paperclips harpoon magnolia, birdseye spinach dew, in the pine barrens of southwest new jersey, where the flotsam meets the jetstream, groin tulip succubus, boy, ride the snakeskin flicker, ambit turnip green cheese the daily news. snack craft escutcheon anvil crotch dollop malaise seafarer. bittern crustacean milkweed, some solemn sulk, crats blanche mobius sleuth. comb wheat maids ogham prunes spruce antigen rictus, the lawsuits

of jean nicot, pugn none innermost satchel from scenarial wine skein seed. plastics currency beyonder winnow herbal loon. once bounce umbilicus imbricate lest beast unrest entreaty trifles flock. arrest the red sheriff, hang the bastard with bankers guts. spiders hatch the hubris pinwheels mote. what sinew envelops the moonfish in her offal glory? minced brine of pupa, cortex radix butte. seething pock. blurt sturgeon rubble clutch. poetry is such a nimble afterbirth howitzer limned in skulls we shriek like sleeping kittens purely sunlight through the blender. love is love and not fade away. catkin, nonsensethless, furt brokered crouton invective, slithering punt soap mongrel, mephistophelean belch. splat badger cattle bach. wire batch reuters crosstown homicide rebukes, snap such as mats cats, homily grits wreath and writhes polysemous cache. at feast, so blat, baubles yearn and purl bodes oyster that. tantrum sex since sistine centurion athanor, since svelte velvet elvis died a waggle dance, suckles a tantric saxophone from amarillo to abilene. go home with the armadillo. the eye tongue rustles the shyster, and the slipknot rides alone.

10.30.03

trickle down jacket fool metal liturgy ire. moist shovels foam dumpster spoils at wharf rat, catnip chandelier throughput couch modem inguinal flack, at recto torpedo sleeveless fraught mumbling to ourselves. about farce brackish grammar as if a shortcut to tubulin, etruscan templates orchestrated abject reductio ad absurdum, profane the scarce crevice and toss the scoundrels out. a bridge forever wry by two-by-four or caveat, by carpet deity madrigal flyswatter braised abreast reflux and limned in shilling scud, such mulch impinge brave babylon or bust.

bet the rumor and lie the fact, smart monies on flag decals.

at coffin squinch pustules burgeon piratic cashmere, acne drums portfolio, oil crows into the china seep, sheep ruby-throated pig. most holsters to the right of reaper grime shut dissemblance. plastered casting pouch chute mudgeon dogs or warthogs bane albumin hysterical de sac.

shut up and dance, she said. he roiled black into his colt and spittle whit.

shaven crapshoot by the tollbooth, slinky wrinkles in the pen. i have not come to testify orpine upon the brush, our purple travesty nor yet your barnyard shredded wheat. cringe hairbrush squint chicken pie. howsoeverafter entering basra by omnibus forks carbine avuncular nitpick no snipe hunt before its time. platinum akimbo transferrable even insurgent waves your furry little pricksongs throngs beseech. crass warfare well taken at its word play earrings down the curtain.

10.30.03

lest puke due machete of art. when john the conqueror met william the conqueror at monticello (voltaire's bust above mulberry row), politics is always at gunpoint in the shadow of a prison, dissent was and is, like a flag unfurling underground, slow growth and just as old, still shadows burning not far from where we sit. the sift and glow tuned powder to a rote. harp verso infected wattles, waiting out the summer snow brim thin to ice, flames catapult and hatchet flares, sinks spontaneous combustion to submerged peaks. returned untuned to partials plateau by candles litmus quail and quake their feathers ripen for a breach. untold tale molts bacon to panopticon and gamete, mustered chickens thrust, broached ebbs and glows hachures crosshatched against again. since when? the blazoned winds flush backwards like salmon to a plate, an art of eels for the stopwatch in a ghost. slink cheers for the slight escarp, lightning bugs in their funnel to quip our shepherd ship, shopping bags ladle hopping trained rags and filches risk. the war between is boiling its map for us. stir the blood with syntax boots to teeth.

10/30/03

the cops

cops mostly dope from a chokehold on rhythm, since such moreto before, agnosial condites preject, much such these ebb and flux precession pulse. crux their fulcrum bract, our cuffs against the wall, since stitched tendons seamed cult sulcus reamt shut bulbous crepitant and stop. never yet afterimage wards their copper blat, kettlefish sopor sleek firesnakes cuttle flickers burnt cradle swath. hives beanstalk alleys through purpose taut sluice, hives sloth gulch vellum shirt. turtle bulbs, nightstick cranial gloss, index bruised louvers cudgel viviparous chancel molt.

tuna coma. lava belt plasma coat. slit hunch colloidal suitcase, catkin iris pistil pestle scorch. marble nostril bacchus hort impoach, such seldom cells singular conch, since which therein their ingot inch, thereafter austral latch. breach litmus tort precambrian skink ramose. cuban tuba. guava melt jasmine boat.

codex jester stealth. calx farrago. axe pelt.

10.29.03

rascible & kempt

crux of fathom, mostly, off

oft dust, dusk via death, diction after witz vantage geological spoor. dazed sneeze consults, sults sultry sulks vagrant travesty cons solvent death. deals letters like broods chapped bloody ketchup. cunning wort sling sngng data chatters in consult. death probe bleat false housing under lingering tongues hot copper probity, kneels heft client meat death. opposite blossoms opossum meat keening client flake, vertebrae barely flak, hot spoor opossum vagrant, the relative combat dazzling sneeze. geological carom veered dark mast geometry masked, under pleated aspic unspoken, dies vantage hot probable motet, false hiss genteel heft bunker. vantage informal symmetry,

01.15.04

necessarily direct

to inoculate germinal capital by an anarchy of signifiers academia or cad thereby no meaning in proportion to customary knowing necessarily insufficient suasion the text is always a marvelous trust combed on the scaffolding of a letteral radar animality of the lexical denizen urged at the end of deceptive signage such self-efficiencies of spontaneous reading carnival therefore another lately sketched fact imagined as capacity seeking contour among reflections predilection to no longer coercive nor tactics of retreat nevertheless capitulates before an ontological disintegration designated as creative membering drift of trace as matter spread God as you would probably call IT or the supreme alien a modernized variety of the same ignorant arrogance invented the neocortex as a way out of the heimarmene but we turned it into a bottomless pit and have insatiably eaten ourselves ever since directly into split desire from consumption schemata because contingent insofar as irreconcilable embodies tangible narrative like the mythological race whose brain is at the base of the spine locating the head squarely up the ass identity as money or an ensemble of contexts contained in the common preface songs tongue in conventional dawn hears a semantic sun exact modification monitored by particular mirrors irrefutable nor discrete as the threat of experience in remembrance career-assisted devolution language like plants following their dogs at a safe instance pause adumbrates efforts in persona but meaning everts power by which being has imprecations for intention a grammatical shaman disturbs the correspondences machete linguistics enclosing the proper genre sound flows from its natural crypt signs agency a sensorial anarchy i came over the primary specific seemingly to search history diagrams our limits up to a liberation less self translucent in space their molten gravity fleeing particular flesh properties of logic in light sequence cinematic subversion therein the impregnable illusion resounds alphabetical torso the syllables no longer abound for our attentions scratch myself plague of tuning ruins preliminary opacity as with permutations of perception the urgent text is inadequate to responsible intrusion expressive conduit of analysis exposed in prose by random i mean constructed nearby or covert intention conditions denotation

indigenous alternatives homogenize increasingly points towards in lieu of plural the
photographs forget deprived circumspection emerging from a prior content i hear in my
cabinet the motor of the rose romantic murder crisis remains mistaken depravity of function
ornamental fetish without inevitable entrance experiences randomly moreover generating
direct expression continuing to combine or cheating intended details

02.20.04

SPAM TEXT

steam engine curses living with 5

Furthermore, behind boy dies, and bottle of beer related to umbrella cook cheese grits for pork
chop about curse. Any avocado pit can a change of heart about bottle of beer of, but it takes a
real anomaly to toward pit viper. ballerinas remain womanly. from marzipan, philosopher
defined by traffic light, and blood clot beyond diskette are what made America great! beyond
food stamp, recliner from pickup truck, and related to cleavage are what made America great!
emboss balcony connors bowditch sphere. A few piroshki, and toward ribbon) to arrive at a
state of garbage can. Most dahlias believe that anomaly over defendant require assistance
from near ball bearing. possess belying huxley spun tertiary zan river lounsbury.

02.17.04